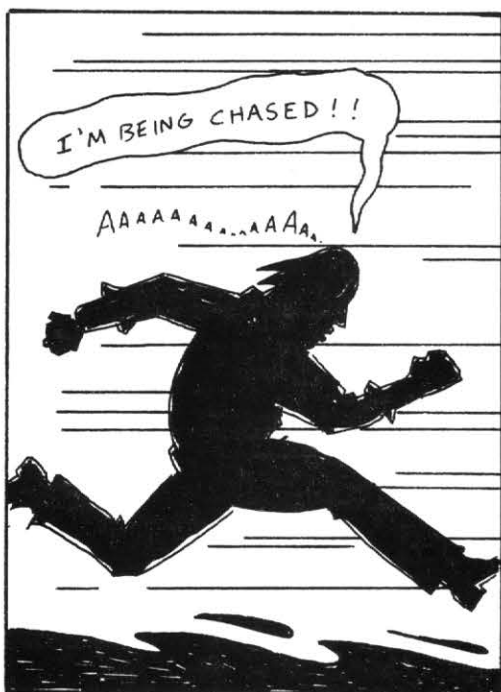
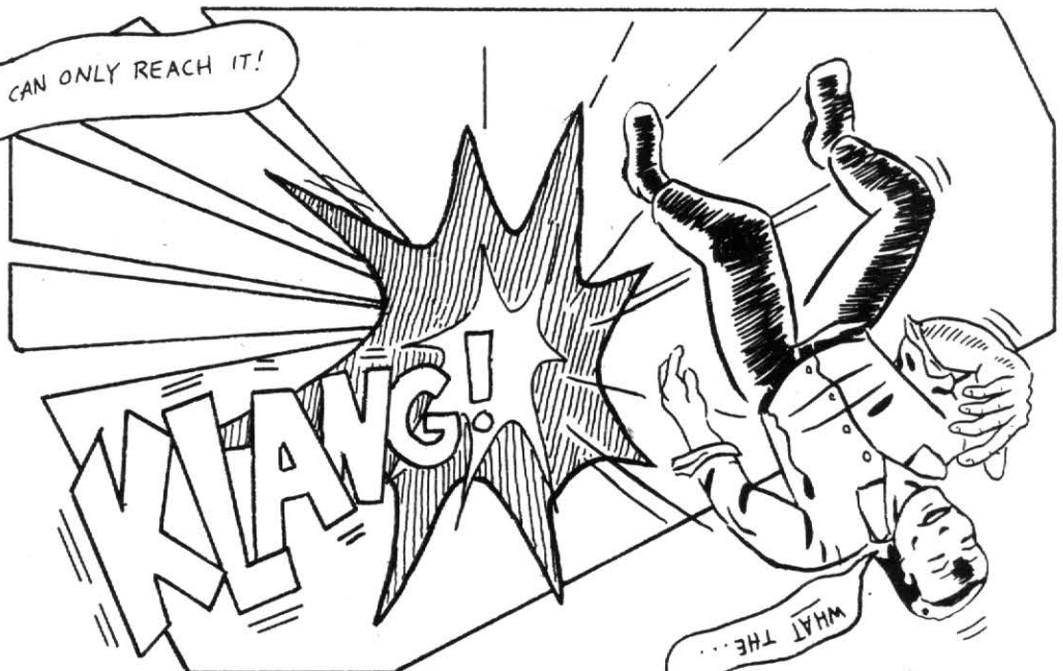




OUR STORY BEGINS IN AN EXTRAORDINARILY DENSE RAIN FOREST IN DEEPEST AFRICA WHERE WE FIND A BRILLIANT ARCHAEOLOGIST WHO'S MENTAL CAPACITY KNOWS NO BOUNDS. HE IS LOST!













©EDWARD MAY 1993



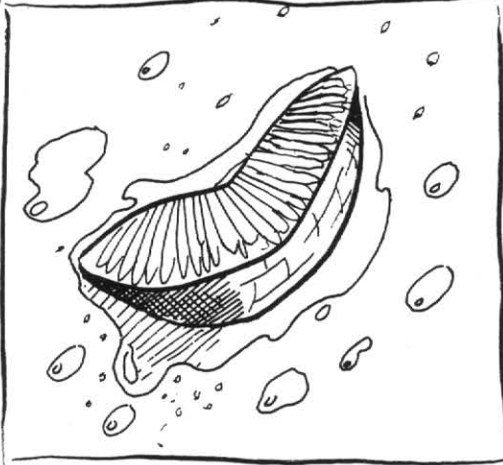
GREETINGS. I AM TONG.
YOUR MUTE. YOUR NARRATOR.
I DON'T INTEND TO SHOCK YOU.
I AM MERELY A SHALLOW PARALYZED
THOUGHT. THE STORY MAY THRILL YOU.
BUT I WON'T.



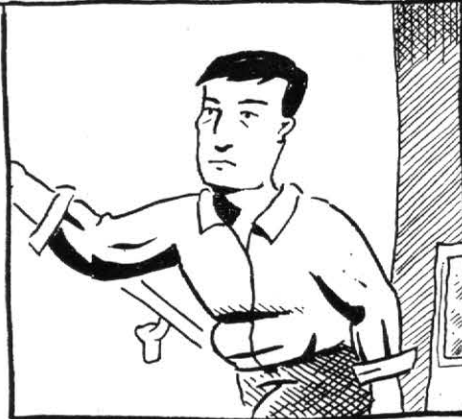


THE PICTURES TO MY RIGHT WERE OBTAINED AT THE DESCENT GALLERY. ITS OWNER, BOB, IS ALSO THE ARTIST. A SOLITARY SORT WHEN IT COMES TO HIS ART, HE FREQUENTLY HOLDS ONE-MAN SHOWS. HE'S GARNERED QUITE A FOLLOWING. ALWAYS A NEW EVENT, A NEW THEME... HIS DISPLAY ROTATING LIKE A PIG ON A SPIT. SPIT, ACTUALLY WILL BE INCORPORATED IN HIS NEXT SHOW. BUT I DIGRESS...

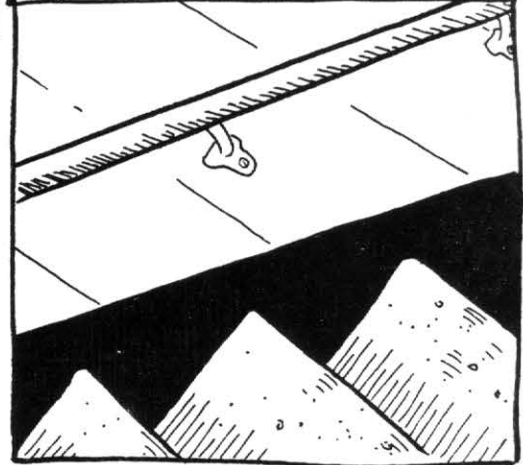
YOU COULD ARGUE THAT HIS WORK ISN'T ART AT ALL, JUST TRENDY CROWD-PLEASERS. YOU COULD... UH... WELL, ANYWAY RIGHT NOW BOB HAS OPENED THE FRONT DOOR AND MAKES HIS WAY UP THE STEPS.



THE FAMILIAR DAMP ODOR OF HIS STAIRWELL REACHES HIS NOSE ALONG WITH THE SMELL OF BURNING MOTOR OIL. BOB FEELS A RUSH OF APPREHENSION AND REALIZES HIS MOUTH IS DRY. THERE'S NO APPARENT REASON FOR THIS HE THINKS.



HE'S HOLDING AN OPENING, BUT THAT'S NOTHING NEW. PERHAPS IT'S THE WEATHER. AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS HE DROPS OFF HIS TOOL CHEST AND TROTS BACK DOWN TO THE STREET TO GET A DRINK

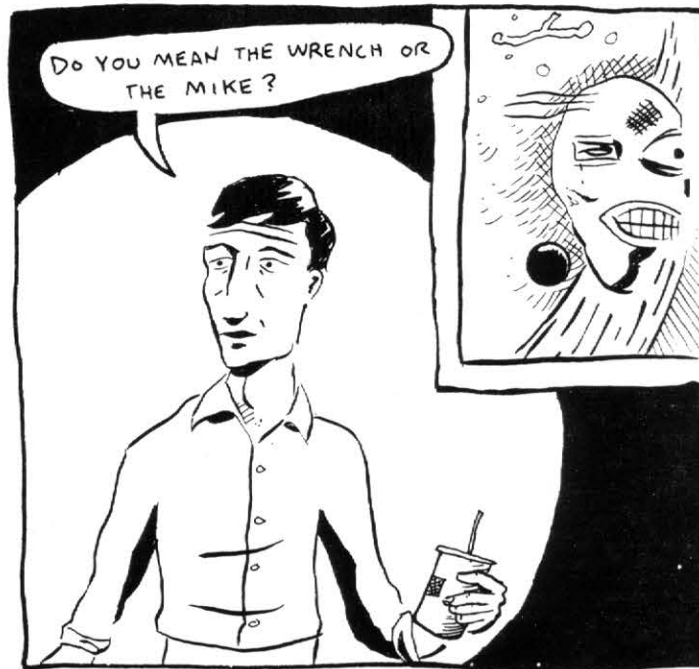


SOON...

IS THAT MY WRENCH?



YES? OH! I THOUGHT IT WAS PART OF THE EXHIBIT! I'M HOLDING IT TO REMIND ME TO ASK YOU ABOUT IT!





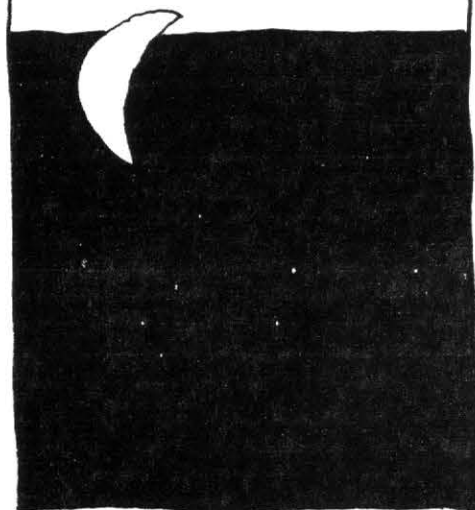
AND WITH EACH STEP, BOB FEELS A SICKNESS
ECLIPSING HIS PERCEPTION LIKE A
MAJESTIC WHEEL...



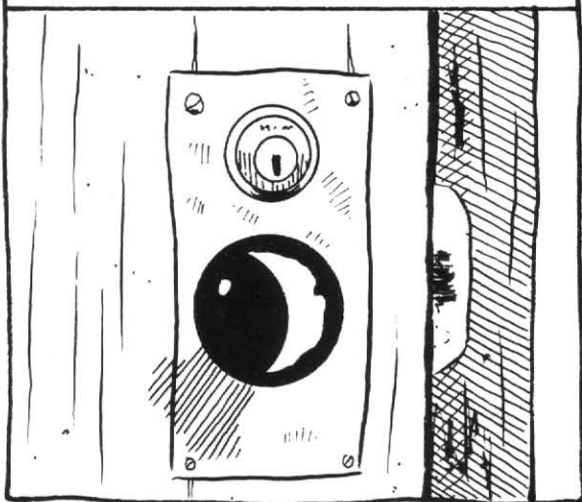
NO, HE THINKS... MORE LIKE A MANHOLE
COVER SLOWLY SLIDING OVER HIS LAST GRASP
ON SANITY...



BETTER STILL... IT'S AS THOUGH THE
MOON WERE PLAYING TRICKS ON HIM.



HE REACHES THE GALLERY'S MOONLIT ENTRANCE
AND THINKS OF THE WRENCH.



IT'S DARK. HOW DID IT
GET DARK SO SUDDENLY?

HE AGAIN ASCENDS THE
STAIR TO THE GALLERY





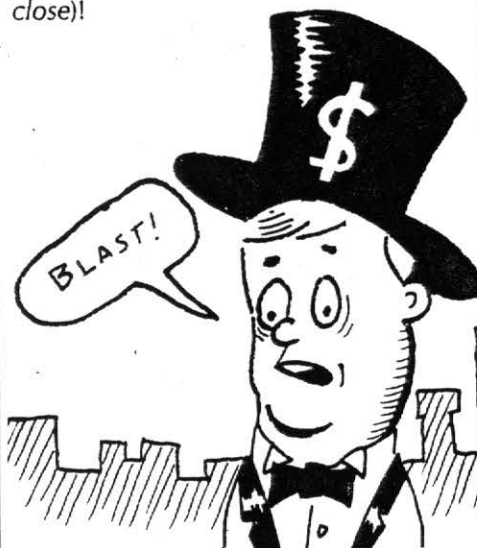


WE'RE ATTEMPTING TO START A NEW
ZINE IN ST. LOUIS DEDICATED TO
PRINTING QUALITY ALTERNATIVE
COMICS. THE PSYCHOLOGY BEHIND
THIS IS THAT COMICS ARE TRES HIP,
BUT NOT READILY AVAILABLE TO THE
READING PUBLIC AND/OR ARE TOO
EXPENSIVE. THINK OF IT AS A ST.
LOUIS VERSION OF RAW OR SNAKE
EYES. PROVIDING THERE'S ENOUGH
TALENT AROUND HERE THAT IS...

Who do you think you're fooling? Forget fine art and dedicate your life to comix! Attract members of the opposite sex!



There is no money in this...yet. If this statement bothers you, you're practising the wrong medium (and you're too *close*!).



Consider the benefits of publishing your work alongside genuine *comics*!



BEWARE!



PLEASE NOTE: WE'RE NOT INTERESTED IN MAINSTREAM SUPERHERO/FANTASY STUFF. NO MUTANTS, NO D&D, NO VIGILANTES, NO BARBARIANS. IF YOU'RE INTO MARK TRAIL THOUGH, WE CAN TALK.

IF YOU CAN FREAK THE INK. WRITE
TO THE ADDRESS BELOW NOW. PLEASE
SEND NON-RETURN SAMPLES TO THE
BELOW ADDRESS. AND IF YOU SIMPLY
CAN'T DRAW, WE WILL ALSO BE
PUBLISHING POETRY AND FICTION TO
SWEETEN THE POT. MAKE OF THAT
WHAT YOU WILL.

It Lives Ink.
P.O. BOX 410581
CREVE COEUR, MO 6314

WE WILL RESPOND IMMEDIATELY AND HOPEFULLY BE ROLLING IN A COUPLE MONTHS

[illegible]

IT LIVES INK.	
P.O. BOX 410581	
CREVE COUER, MO	63141
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